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Heathcote on Christmas Letters

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THE GREEN

FOR HOMESTEADERS, ON-TO-THE-LANDERS,
AND DO-IT-YOURSELFERS



REVOLUTION

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A PHONED-IN BREAD ORDER from a health food store is taken by company president Isabel Mease.—from *Natural Food News*

New Bread Uses Sprouted Grain; A Staff of Life That Needs No Crutches

By Mildred J. Loomis

A large friendly man and a charming, petite woman with sunny hair and taffy-colored sweater greeted me on shady Heathcote lane at the School of Living annual meeting in August. They were Richard and Isabel Mease, known widely for their sprouted-grain bread.

Ten years ago they ran a small country store in the village of Schoenck, Penna. They had a strong concern for health and good bread, and firmly believed they could make an honest, nourishing loaf superior to the bread they sold in their store. After work hours and on weekends they experimented in their tiny kitchen. Neighbors and friends were intrigued with the tantalizing odors, and became customers.

The home-made bread business flourished. A loaf came into the hands of a Seventh Day Adventist minister, who came to encourage them to try baking a flourless loaf—one baked of grain that has been soaked, sprouted and ground instead. This bread too was a success, and resulted in their first distant order, for 30 loaves to the Adventist center near Washington, D. C. In 1957, it took 12 hours with their meager facilities to fill this order.

Nowadays their big, modern bakery at the edge of Schoenck averages 800 pound-loaves per shift. By early 1966 the Meases had baked their half-millionth loaf. They give demonstrations and pass out samples at natural food meetings; the quality, texture and taste of the loaf creates a demand wherever it is displayed. Now they ship their product to over 100 health food retailers and individual mail order customers in the East, and as far west as Chicago and Texas.

In 1961 a Florida couple stopped at the Holgrain retail outlet in picturesque Pennsylvania Dutch country. They sampled the bread that has all its natural food elements and needs no synthetics—"the staff of life that needs no crutches" (a phrase that has become the Holgrain slogan). Orders increased from Florida, and from other distant places. Shipping the bread is no problem; without preservatives, it has a shelf-life of a week or ten days. Large orders go out in refrigerated trucks.

Descriptive Booklet

When the federal Food and Drug Administration questioned some of the claims about the bread's contents, the Meases had their bread analyzed by some of

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New Harmony Homestead, Part II

By Ferdi & Rebecca Knoess
New Harmony Homestead
Pennington, Minn.

Harvest Report

Oct. 22. We've had a wonderful summer. Geordie is doing very well. His grandparents from New York visited here in August and his grandma and great-grandma from Indiana were here in September.

A couple of weeks ago we moved to a somewhat larger shelter that used to be the granary of the barn. There was nothing but a wooden box in the beginning, but we have it almost winterized now. I put in two windows, a standard door, roofing, siding, insulation, walls and floor. The smaller cabin is now available to other occupants who would join us.

Last Sunday we harvested the last of the vegetables from the garden: carrots, beets, rutabagas, parsnips and 23 heads of cabbage, for our storage cellar. Previously we dug out over 650 lbs. of potatoes. We also put over 230 quarts of fruits and vegetables into jars. With tomatoes still ripening indoors, the total should

reach 250 quarts. Not bad I think, especially since almost all canning was done outside over an open fire. We pressure canned this way too.

We've been very busy cutting and hauling firewood lately—over two cords stacked in the barn so far, but must secure much more. We haven't had much time to correspond with interested communiteers, but will try to make amends during the winter months.

Snow and Butterflies

Oct. 31. We had a bit of snow last night and this morning. One of those fine blowy kind that finds its way into every crack of one's winter defenses. So, Winter has announced himself and we're busy as never before to meet the challenge in a new land. The woodpile is still small and we will have to do much cutting prior to deep snow.

This morning I discovered three butterflies hid in some clothing hanging in our loft. They were cold and dormant. After bringing them inside they were reviving within ten minutes, and now they're fluttering around

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The Inscription Over the Judge said: "Reason Is the Life of the Law."

By Ken and Dee Sprague

Above the judge's bench in the crowded, panelled courtroom, the inscription stood out boldly and reassuringly. It was Thursday, Dec. 8, 1966—Juvenile Day—the day reserved for juvenile and school cases. It looked like a full docket as all the seats in the small courtroom were filled. "REASON IS THE LIFE OF THE LAW." Surely it would apply in our case.

We were opposed to vaccination for our three children: Jerry 16, LaVerne 14 and Keith 8. However, the State of Maryland has a law compelling all parents to have their children vaccinated against smallpox. Because of the great variations in similar laws throughout the states and the absence of such laws in some states, we had ignored the first request from the schools that the children be vaccinated—and so, apparently, did one elementary and one high school, for all of last year nothing was said, and a couple of months of the current school year had passed before any action was taken.

When the school authorities ran into this rare case of dissenters to compulsory medication, there was a flurry of phone calls and letters as each tried to pass on this "hot potato" to the next higher authority. We were called on by a visiting teacher from the Board of Education. Kindly but firmly we were told that the vaccination was mandatory by law and since the children were not allowed in school without vaccination we would be also charged with truancy. She promised to find out if an oral vaccine (the Homeopathic treatment) would be acceptable. We considered this method of immunization as an alternative to a legal struggle, but not without reservations.

Meanwhile we wrote what we considered a very reasonable letter to the Board of Education (see page 2) and sent our children back to school. The repercussions were immediate, as Keith was made to sit in the lobby of his elementary school all day, and the vice principal of the high school phoned to inform us that the children would be suspended that day (so as not to have us charged with truancy) and we were advised to call the director of pupil personnel at the Board of Education. Through him we learned that the judge had spoken: as law violators we would face charges of neglect and be summoned to court. Our letter had evidently brought no consideration and we were told that oral immunization was not acceptable.

So today we appeared as summoned in the chamber where reason was said to reign. All duly stood out of respect to the judge as he entered the courtroom. Possibly we were disarmed when we ought to have become alarmed by the casualness with which the first cases were tried. Summarily, a woman was given custody of her sister's child, since the mother had disappeared. Said the judge: even if she comes back who knows when she will take off again? About five adolescent boys, charged with disorderly behavior in a shopping plaza, were scolded, told to stay away from the plaza and to "straighten out and fly right." Another adolescent, who had been found asleep in a stolen car, when the evidence seemed to indicate that he

didn't know the car was a stolen one, was told to get back into school and maybe go to church, so he wouldn't be pumping gas all his life! Then it was our turn to stand before the judge.

What followed is almost unbelievable as a "due process of law." Our convictions regarding the wisdom (or lack of wisdom) in giving shots and vaccines as an approach to health were not pertinent at this early stage of the proceedings. We were not sure of the stance of the court or the strength of the

law. There were no precedents to guide us. We had decided, with the aid of Clinton Miller, of the National Health Federation (who had come up from Washington to be with us at the hearing) to place ourselves at the mercy of the court and ask that an attorney be appointed for us. We had no intention to plead our case at this preliminary hearing.

It soon became apparent, however, that the court had no intention of permitting this. Prejudicially, the judge had pretty much determined the tactics for our case: intimidation especially beamed at the mother in the case, Dee Sprague. We had previously decided to let Ken be spokesman in the case, but the judge would not let him speak. His (the judge's) increasing anger was apparent in the brief exchange in which Dee quietly held her ground; her few comments on our reasons for not wanting the children to be vaccinated were given only perfunctory attention.

At one point the judge said, "I'm no doctor. I don't know if that vaccine is any damn good. With your kids in school I don't expect my kids to get smallpox, your kids to get smallpox or their schoolmates to get it. But the law is the law and it's my job to see it is obeyed. Out of 100,000 pupils in Baltimore county schools yours are the only three unvaccinated. I'm going to issue a bench warrant for your arrest."

As we later pieced this scene together, this was the dramatic moment when the family (the children were right there with us) was supposed to crumple up and submit, for we later learned in the health department that a doctor had been alerted to vaccinate the children when they appeared in the clinic that same morning. Moreover, the deputy sheriff disclosed that his initial instructions were to "take her to Baltimore City Jail to be fingerprinted, mugged and booked."

When we left the courtroom there was evidently some confusion and delay since we did not bend or break down as anticipated. After a long wait the deputy sheriff appeared with a bench warrant for Dee's arrest, with bail set at \$250. Then she was handcuffed, taken to the County Jail, "processed" and locked in first a cage and later a cell, even though we indicated our intention to meet bail. There was no abuse in this procedure. Meanwhile Ken and Clint went to the health department to learn more about the State's position regarding homeopathic immunization. A couple of hours later bail was posted, and Dee was released. We can only assume that the harsh treatment directed at her was a direct result of the judge's first heat of reaction to our firm stand.

At this writing, immediately after this day's ordeal, we are not sufficiently aware of legal matters to declare the whole thing a travesty of justice. That we had violated a law for which we could be penalized by being made to pay a small fine. We were aware. That any of us could be arrested at the hearing, where we were denied legal counsel, came as a terrific shock, especially when the charge was "neglect," for our children are so obviously un-neglected that under different circumstances such a charge might seem funny. What seems most sinister is the

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Heathcote on Christmas Letters

Heathcote Center was featured on 1966 holiday greetings to many people. Grace and Tim Lefever, Sonnewald Homestead, Spring Grove, Penna., effectively joined their message with the photo of Heathcote. The following opened their Christmas letter to 300 friends:

"The Old Mill has a lot of meaning for our family. Along with many other families and friends we spent about a weekend each month helping to renovate the building so it can soon be used for a center. On New Year's weekend it will have been two years since we began to fix up this wonderful old stone building. We had to carry out dirt and debris, scrape walls, plaster and paint, fix windows and doors, put a new roof on the low end and spouting all around, include a new bathroom and kitchen with running water, pour a new cement floor on part of the ground level, and now we are working on the heating plant. With all volunteer labor and approximately \$2,000 we have given the place quite a face-lifting.

"The stream sings its constant song of joy, the woods give serenity and hope, and our dream is that this new Heathcote School of Living Center may truly become an educational venture that will be directed toward humanization in this age of technology, as we learn to live again with nature and feel the pulse of the Universe.

"... As one learns what is going on behind scenes in today's world where money and power predominate, it is not hard to realize why we are trying our best to preserve our freedom of choice by working with the School of Living which to us has a sane approach to all major problems of living.

"As we become in tune again and the vibrations of LOVE flow out toward all people, we hope the Christmas message can become a reality:

There shall be peace on earth;
but not until
Each child shall daily eat his fill;
Go warmly clad against the winter wind
And learn his lessons with a tranquil mind.

And thus released from hunger,
fear and need,
Regardless of his color, race or creed,
Look upwards, smiling to the skies;
His faith in man reflected in his eyes.

—Dorothy Roigt

Heathcote stationery is suitable for any season. 20 sheets for \$1, from School of Living, Brookville, Ohio 45309.